

Echoes are boomerangs.

Advice is just dishwater;
critics are pearl divers.

Intuition is the reality of the artist.

The skill of the knife thrower is less
than the thought of the act made art.

There's no approach to reason without love.

-- Harold Briggs

New York, New York

It's Nothing

to you,
you never saw tenderness in garbage cans
you never tripped on a skyscraper,
you never played leapfrog with a dolphin.
Did defeat ever spit in your eye?
Choke on your silver spoon
you --
maybe I'm talking to a tomb.
I waited all day,
the postman brought me blackmail
from the finance Co.
When I phoned
the secretary
screened me for a clown.
A breast in the hand is worth two in the bra
I said.
I'll call the manager
she said.
Do that I said.
A dream boat is no collateral
he said.
Tomorrow is a mirror I can't face.

-- Harold Briggs